



Song of the Psalter

When Orpheus strikes the lyre
the black treble clef begins to move
weaving mystical enchantment
around each half note, sixteenth, triplet,
embracing each for a split second
before going back to the world.

Tender strains of sweet harmonics develop and swell
dripping off quarter notes like hot tears of the Furies.
Crescendos and ritardandos dare to follow
D chords and diminished fifths,
creating false overtones before fading,
like echoes back into the earth.

Notes assume shapeless forms
Swirling, fighting for space, sound
spilling over unresolved chords,
staccato rhythms beating out a relentless pulse like spirits
from Tartarus
pressing forward, rising to the surface
only to evaporate, forcing a return to darkness.

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